

Oth. Come: let vs to the Castle.
 Newes (Friends) our Warres are done:
 The Turkes are drown'd.
 How do's my old Acquaintance of this Isle?
 (Hony) you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
 I haue found great loue among't them. Oh my Sweet,
 I prattle out of fashion, and I doate
 In mine owne comforts. I prythee, good *Iago*,
 Go to the Bay, and disimbarke my Coffers:
 Being thou the Master to the Cittadell,
 He is a good one, and his worthynesse
 Do's challenge much respect. Come *Desdemona*,
 Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the Harbour.
 Come thither, if thou be'st Valiant, (as they say base men
 being in Loue, haue then a Nobilitie in their Natures,
 more then is native to them) list me; the Lieutenant to
 night watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell
 thee this: *Desdemona*, is directly in loue with him.

Rod. With him? Why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus: and let thy soule be in-
 structed, Marke me with what violence she first lou'd
 the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical
 lies. To loue him still for prating, let not thy discreet
 heart thinke it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight
 shall she haue to looke on the diuell? When the Blood
 is made dull with the Act of Sport, there should be a
 game to enflame it, and to giue Satiety a fresh appetite.
 Loueliness in fauour, sympathy in yeares, Manners,
 and Beauties: all which the Moore is defectiue in. Now
 for want of these requir'd Conueniences, her delicate
 tenderesse wil finde it selfe abus'd, begin to heaue the,
 gorge, disrellish and abhorre the Moore, very Nature wil
 instruct her in it, and compell her to some second choice.
 Now Sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and vin-
 forc'd position) who stands so eminent in the degree of
 this Fortune, as *Cassio* do's: a knaue very voluble: no
 further conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme
 of Ciuill, and Humaine seeming, for the better compasse
 of his salt, and most hidden loose Affection? Why none,
 why none: A slipper, and subtle knaue, a finder of occa-
 sion: that he's an eye can stampe, and counterfeit Ad-
 uantages, though true Advantage neuer present it selfe.
 A diuclish knaue: besides, the knaue is handsome, young:
 and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and greene
 mindes looke after. A pestilent compleat knaue, and the
 woman hath found him already.

Rodo. I cannot beleue that in her, she's full of most
 blest condition.

Iago. Bles'd figges-end. The Wine she drinks is
 made of grapes. If shee had beene blest'd, shee would
 neuer haue lou'd the Moore: Bles'd pudding. Didst thou
 not see her paddle with the palme of his hand? Didst not
 marke that?

Rod. Yes, that I did: but that was but curtesie.

Iago. Leacherie by this hand: an Index, and obscure
 prologue to the History of Lust and foule Thoughts.
 They met so neere with their lippes, that their breathes
 embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts *Roderigo*, when
 these mutabilities so marshall the way, hard at hand
 comes the Master, and maine exercise, th'incorporate
 conclusion: Pish. But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I haue
 brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for
 the Command, Ile lay't vpon you. *Cassio* knowes you
 not; Ile not be farre from you. Do you finde some oc-

casione to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or
 tainting his discipline, or from what other course
 you please, which the time shall more fauorably mi-
 nister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sodaine in Choller: and
 happily may strike at you, prouoke him that he may: for
 euen out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to Mutiny.
 Whose qualification shall come into no true taste a-
 gaine, but by the displanting of *Cassio*. So shall you
 haue a shorter iourney to your desires, by the meanes I
 shall then haue to preferre them. And the impediment
 most profitably remoued, without the which there were
 no expectation of our prosperitie.

Rodo. I will do this, if you can bring it to any oppor-
 tunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the
 Cittadell. I must fetch his Necessaries a Shore. Fare-
 well.

Rodo. Adieu.

Iago. That *Cassio* loues her, I do well beleue't. *Exit.*
 That she loues him, 'tis apt, and of great Credite.
 The Moore (howbeit that I endure him not)
 Is of a constant, louing, Noble Nature,
 And I dare thinke, he's proue to *Desdemona*
 A most deere husband. Now I do loue her too,
 Not out of absolute Lust, (though peraduenture
 I stand accomptant for as great a sin)
 But partly led to dyet my Reuenge,
 For that I do suspect the lustie Moore
 Hath leap'd into my Seate. The thought whereof,
 Doth (like a poysonous Minerall) gnaw my Inwardnes:
 And nothing can, or shall content my Soule
 Till I am euen'd with him, wife, for wift.
 Or sayling so, yet that I put the Moore,
 At least into a felonzie so strong
 That iudgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
 If this poore Trash of Venice, whom I trace
 For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
 Ile haue our *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
 Abuse him to the Moore, in the right garbe
 (For I feare *Cassio* with my Night-Cape too)
 Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an Ass,
 And practising vpon his peace, and quiet,
 Euen to madnesse. 'Tis heere: but yet confus'd,
 Knaueries plaine face, is neuer seene, till vs'd. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello's, Herald with a Proclamation.

Herald. It is *Othello's* pleasure, our Noble and Vali-
 ant General. That vpon certaine tydings now arriv'd,
 importing the meere perdition of the Turkish Fleet:
 euery man put himselfe into Triumph. Some to daunce,
 some to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and
 Revels his addition leads him. For besides these bene-
 ficiall Newes, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall. So
 much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offi-
 ces are open, & there is full libertie of Feasting from this
 pre-

present houre of siue, till the Bell haue told eleuen.
 Blesse the Isle of Cyprus, and our Noble General *Othel-*
lo. *Exit.*

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good *Michael*, looke you to the guard to night.
 Let's teach our selues that Honourable Stop,
 Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. *Iago*, hath direction what to do.
 But notwithstanding with my personall eye
 Will I looke to't.

Oth. *Iago*, is most honest:
Michael, goodnight. To morrow with your earliest,
 Let me haue speech with you. Come my deere Loue,
 The purchase made, the fruites are to ensue,
 That profit's yet to come 'twene me, and you. *Exit.*
 Goodnight.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome *Iago*: we must to the Watch.

Iago. Not this houre Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten
 o'clocke. Our General cast vs thus carely for the
 loue of his *Desdemona*: Who, let vs not therefore blame;
 he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and
 she is sport for Ioue.

Cas. She's a most exquisite Lady.

Iago. And Ile warrant her, full of Game.

Cas. Indeed she's a most fresh, and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she ha's?
 Methinks it sounds a parley to prouocation.

Cas. An inuiting eye:

And yet me thinkes right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks,

Is it not an Alarum to Loue?

Cas. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well: happinesse to their Sheetes. Come Lieu-
 tenant, I haue a Rope of Wine, and heere without are a
 brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine haue a mea-
 sure to the health of blacke *Othello*.

Cas. Not to night, good *Iago*, I haue very poore,
 and vnhappy Braines for drinking. I could well with
 Curtesie would inuent some other Custome of enter-
 tainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, Ile
 drinke for you.

Cassio. I haue drunke but one Cup to night, and that
 was craftily qualified too: and behold what inouation
 it makes heere. I am infortunate in the infirmity, and
 dare not taske my weaknesse with any more.

Iago. What man? 'Tis a night of Reuels, the Gal-
 lants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Heere, at the doore: I pray you call them in.

Cas. Ile do't, but it dislikes me. *Exit.*

Iago. If I can fasten but one Cup vpon him

With that which he hath drunke to night already,
 He'll be as full of Quarrell, and offence,
 As my yong Mistress dogge.

Now my sicke Foole *Roderigo*,
 Whom Loue hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,

To *Desdemona* hath to night Carrows'd.
 Potations, portle-deepe, and he's to watch.

Three else of Cyprus, Noble swelling Spirites,
 (That hold their Honours in a wary distance,
 The very Elements of this Warrelike Isle),

Haue I to night fluster'd with flowing Cups,
 And they Watch too.